

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII.

BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1879.

NO. 10

NEWS AND NOTES.

General Grant is going to Australia and New Zealand.

Dakota will be entitled to a West Point cadetship next year.

Minnesota estimates a wheat yield of 45,000,000 bushels this year.

During the deluge Mr. Noah was in the habit of calling his wife an ark angel.

The Red River country will produce six million bushels of wheat this year.

Another large installment of Russian immigrants have located near Yankton.

James Gordon Bennett has presented his sister's first baby with \$100,000.

Somebody wants Sergeant Bates to attempt to carry the British flag through Zululand.

New York has had several cases of yellow fever, occurring among refugees from the South.

Texas herds of stock are being sent to Montana to recuperate from the effects of the prolonged drought.

It is said that a Manitoba wave would be terribly chilled if it came in contact with Charles Francis Adams.

The Des Moines Register says Iowa raises more hogs and less Democrats than any other state in the Union.

"A Domestic Tragedy" is what they call it in Leavenworth when a total stranger is found dead in a citizen's pig pen.

Frank J. Baird, of the City Journal, came in on the delayed passenger train last night and returned this morning.

Watertown, the new town in Coddington county, has two first class newspapers—the News and the Independent.

Lidia Thompson has viewed Sarah Bernhardt, and says she would not dream of the legitimate drama of the Thompsonian type.

Fort Meade, according to Major Snyder, who has visited about every military post on the continent, is the finest of them all.

Capt. Ed Maguire's engineering party for the improvement of the upper Missouri departed this morning on the fine steamer Helena.

The Milwaukee people often run and operate a railroad to Yankton if the Yankton folks will grade a line from their present terminus.

It will take a train of twenty-six cars daily for two weeks to move the wheat crop on the Dahlupla farm (Northern Pacific Railroad), to market.

The first time that David Davis realized his fat was when he was a boy of fourteen. The other boys all crawled through the fence and left him alone with a mad steer.

All of the freight trains have been hauled off of the Sidney and Cheyenne routes to the Black Hills, the hills freight all now going in via the Bismarck and Fort Pierre routes.

Zach Chandler thinks his son-in-law is becoming too popular! Every time he becomes a "pop" it costs the old man \$2,000, and he is making the home base in a systematic style that is alarming.

Alexander McClure informs the Indiana person who wants to hang all of the ex-confederates that that policy adopted would destroy a portion of Hayes' cabinet, and relieve our foreign service of some of its brightest ornaments.

The Fargo Times has purchased the good will and subscription list of the late Fargo Independent. The material of the Independent will be moved to Caledonia and there be used in the publication of the Trail County Argus.

Excellent coal has been found six miles north of Crook City. The Deadwood Times says five and six foot veins have been opened in the Red Water country, and that the coal is so free from sulphur that it is used for smelting purposes.

Probably no young man in Deadwood can actually protect his girl from lightning by holding her on his lap with the lights turned down in the parlor, but over a dozen tried it the other night, and the girls felt just as safe as could be, too. (Deadwood Times).

It is currently rumored in army circles that Quartermaster General Meigs is about to retire from active service. In that event we believe the good of the service would be promoted by the appointment of Gen. Rufus Ingalls to fill the vacancy. Gen. Ingalls has been one of the principal assistants of this department for many years, and has the endorsement of nearly every officer of high rank in the army.

It is a singular fact that not one of the imperial Napoleons has died in France or on French soil. Napoleon I., the founder of the family, died a prisoner at St. Helena; his son, Napoleon II., died in Austria; his nephew, Napoleon III., died an exile in England; and now his grand-nephew, the young man whom the French imperialists have hoped would one day rule France as Napoleon IV., has met his fate at the point of Zulu spears, in South Africa.

Mandan Notes.

Gen. Rosser's family are at Ft. Lincoln. The boys came in from the front Wednesday, and were highly delighted with their trip. Saw dots of antelope but didn't shoot any.

If you want to find anyt hing new, come to Mandan. There is a new sort of crime broken out here; at least we think it a crime. Just under what head it would come I can't exactly say. Please let me know if it is a crime to take another's horse, hide it, and lay around until a reward is offered, or not. I fail to find anything in the statute that will apply to the case. The last case of this kind occurred up on the line. Some infamous wretch tied one of Walker, Bellows & Co.'s horses to a tree, and no reward being offered, allowed it to remain there until it starved.

Hunters are shooting half grown chickens to day. There should be a law prohibiting this; or if there is, it should be enforced.

We are to have another large grocery establishment here. A party in Michigan has a large consignment en route for this place, and Gill's building is being rapidly prepared to receive it.

Farmers are happy; they have all their oats cut and stacked.

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

ITEMS CORRALED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.

The Halifax Award—Yellow Fever Still Spreading—Wright, the Labor Champion, Disgusted—Notes.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

HALIFAX AWARD.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 2.—It is reported that the Halifax award and fishery question will be re-opened, and an American vessel sent to the ground to investigate.

THE PENSION

arrears bill shows its effect upon the July public debt statement, the increase being six millions of dollars. The fractional currency is exhausted, and future payment of pensions will depend upon the unappropriated funds in the U. S. treasury.

TELEGRAPH WAR.

The Western Union Telegraph company have begun suit against the Wabash railroad for granting privileges to the Union telegraph company. They claim that the railroad company granted exclusive rights to the Western Union.

PROSPEROUS COUNTRY.

Wright's labor committee have finished their investigation in Chicago. The merchants of Chicago think that the country is in a prosperous condition, while the same disgusted Mr. Wright.

DOUBLE BACK-ACTION.

John Wusse, of Pittsburgh, killed his paramour, and while attempting to make his escape was himself shot by a policeman.

THE WALKERS.

Weston has engaged the Madison Square garden (N. Y.) for the next international pedestrian contest. Rowell, Ennis, and Brown have entered the contest, which takes place Sept. 22d and 27th.

ESCAPED CONVICTS.

Five convicts of the Frankfort (K. Y.) penitentiary escaped by means of a rope yesterday morning. Three of them have been re-captured.

IN ASHES.

Last night a fire at Hamilton, Ont., destroyed McQuins block, Bank of Hamilton, Providence Loan company, Merchants Bank, colored Methodist Church and building of Turner, Livingston & Co. Loss \$1,500,000.

BANK FAILURE.

Montreal is excited over the failure of the Consolidated bank, and think that manager Sir Thomas Hincks and ex-Manager J. B. Renney should be imprisoned.

YELLOW FEVER.

There were thirteen new cases of yellow fever reported at Memphis yesterday. Rev. Father Doyle, of Budget Catholic Church, and Rev. Father Tooley, were among them. Four additional cases, not reported, have been found outside the city. Four deaths since yesterday. The citizens find it difficult to induce the colored people to go into camp outside. Samuel Hatchet who had the fever in 1873, and also again last year, died from it yesterday. The Cincinnati cases are all recovering.

STEAMBOAT ARRIVAL.

Steamship Templar has arrived at San Francisco from Rio Janeiro, having lost nine of its crew by yellow fever. The fever appeared the first day after leaving the port.

AGREEABLY SETTLED.

Germany has come to an agreement with the Vatican and many laws are to be suspended and ultimately abolished.

DEsertion is DEATH.

The verdict of the court-martial of Lieut. Carey, for deserting the Prince Imperial, was death, but the Queen will probably modify the sentence.

SITTING BULL.

FT. BURFORD, Aug. 2.—Although Major Maginnis, in his interview with the Secretary of War, conceded that Sitting Bull, with his usual artfulness, might be north of the line directing the hostiles from a safe distance, later reports show conclusively that he was present at the fight of July 17th or in the immediate vicinity. Reliable men from the upper country state that Sitting Bull was the first to skedaddle and seek safety from the pursuing column. This is confirmed by scouts who state that there were several Indians killed and among them a

BROTHER OF S. B.

a chief named Young Assinaboin.

General Miles, it is reported, will locate his camp for the present near the mouth of Frenchman's Creek and no fighting is expected unless the Indians assume the offensive. The seven lodges of half-breeds who were engaged in the hardware business, and captured by Miles, will be brought from Fort Peck to this post and a paternal eye kept on their movements. Up country people say that there are large bands of roaming hostiles still on this side of the line.

Retired, but not Resigned.

Mr. Stripe desires us to say that he has not resigned from the pay roll of the quartermaster's office at Bismarck, and is ready to do his work there when wanted. Clarke, "or any other man," drawing \$100 month, with nothing to do but to sign the pay rolls and take the money, are set down known to resign.—Fargo Republican.

His name, however, has been dropped from the rolls by order and Col. Baker has no funds to pay him.

THE EXTENSION.

The Grading Being Pushed—Trains Running out Fifteen Miles.

Work on the Missouri division of the Northern Pacific is progressing rapidly and to all appearances very satisfactory to the company. To satisfy himself a TRIBUNE representative made a personal survey of the line, last week, and gleaned the following facts: Trains are now running fifteen miles towards the Yellowstone, west from the Missouri and graders are at work about seventy miles out. Capt. Baker with Co. B, Sixth regiment, is stationed about eighty miles out, and Capt. Sanger with Co. G, Seventeenth Infantry, is out about forty miles. Sanger will move on about the 10th to within ten miles of Baker's camp. His next move will probably then be to the Little Missouri.

In about two weeks regular trains will be running to the Coal Banks, twenty-six miles west. At this point is situated the famous fort and claim of Dennis Hannifin, of this city; also the crossing of the Keogh stage line, and the headquarters of several of the contractors. There are about one hundred and fifty tents pitched, thirteen of them being used for saloons. There are two or three supply stores, a blacksmith shop and an opera house (performances every evening). Last Sunday there were sixteen fights. The coal bank proprietor is about two hundred feet from the line of the track, slightly elevated, thus making it easy to load its productions for transportation. From this point west the line is covered with squads of graders working each way to obviate washouts, which are liable to occur on low valley grades, stone culverts have been profusely scattered, making a washout almost impossible. Besides this, substantial bridges are being built across the numerous creeks which wind, snake like, through the valley. When completed a ride on the Missouri division to the Yellowstone will be much pleasanter than that from Fargo to Bismarck, owing to the more varied scenery, pleasant valleys and high bluffs.

Mr. Adams, the New York athlete, who has been on the extension in the employ of Walker, Bellows & Co., left for the east Thursday. He may return next spring.

I. C. Prescott, one of the contractors on the extension, was in the city Thursday. He now has a grade about eighty miles out.

EASTERN INK-SLINGERS.

An Editorial Excursion visits Bismarck, and are Suprised.

Yesterday morning the eastern editorial party in a special car arrived at Bismarck. They were piloted by Supt. H. A. Towne and Land Commissioner Power. The manager of the party was C. C. Coffin, "Carleton," a noted correspondent of Boston, representing on this trip the Chicago Tribune and New York Tribune. The other members are: C. V. Backus, Detroit Post and Tribune; Hon. D. R. Austin, Toledo Commercial; R. Locke, a son of Nasby, Toledo Blade; C. W. Stevens, Cleveland Herald; Edward Goodman, Chicago Standard; W. C. Gray, Chicago Interior; Simeon Gilbert, Chicago Advance; H. R. Hobart, Railway Age, Chicago; C. C. Blackmer, Prairie Farmer, Chicago; Milton George, Western Rural, Chicago, and F. F. Browne, Chicago Journal. The party visited the landing and were then driven out to Dr. Porter's farm and to Col. Thompson's, and back to the Stark farm. With the appearance of the country and the character of the crops they were more than delighted. Although the agricultural editors were familiar in a general way with this country, their surprise was even more noticeable than the other less technical editors. It was simply wonderful. On Thursday the party were at Fargo and Dalrymple's farm. At the farm they saw twenty self-binders moving in one column, presenting one of the prettiest sights ever seen in a wheat-field. Dalrymple had ninety reapers at work in all his fields, and several threshers in his barley. While the big farms excited their admiration, the upland surprised them most. They found the Red River valley was not all the N. P. country but that it extended to Bismarck and on to the Yellowstone they were willing to believe.

ELLA STURGIS.

The Generous Offering of Miss Ella Sturgis to Archbishop Purcell.

"While the bishops of the country are engaged with one heart and mind in diminishing the indebtedness of the diocese of Cincinnati, a generous offer of assistance comes from an accomplished young lady of St. Louis. The daughter of Maj. Gen. Sturgis, whose son fell with the gallant Custer on the field of honor, writes to the archbishop that she will soon make her debut on the stage as a leading character in a new drama. Her histrionic talents are spoken of most highly. She offers to the archbishop the net proceeds of her engagement, as a mark of her esteem for the venerable prelate, and of sympathy with him in his trials. The archbishop accepts most gratefully this liberal offering.—Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.

Gen. Sturgis and his whole family are recent converts to the faith, and the generous design of the young lady gives earnest of much zeal and devotion on the part of the Sturgis family. The young lady has very many friends in this city, to whom this announcement will be a happy surprise. We have a double reason for wishing her success.

SIC EUNT FATA HOMINUM

TRANSLATED MEANS "THUS GO THE FATES OF MEN."

Mrs. Ansley Gray Goes to Join Her Fallen Husband—The Iron Love of a Faithful Wife,

"ONE BY ONE THE ROSES FALL."

Mrs. Ansley Gray has gone to her sister's home in Wisconsin. She received a draft from her and was enabled to get out of town without falling back upon the charity of the people. After Ansley's departure for the East Mrs. Gray kept within doors and was seldom seen on the street. The proud and beautiful lady so familiar to our people suddenly ostracized herself and became a total stranger to the public. Not until the published reports of Ansley's "checkered career" came to her knowledge did she realize that the young man was going to

THE BAD.

She had implicitly trusted him and accepted all his idle excuses for loss of money and late hours, as sufficient. When the papers exposed him she realized that something must be done. She is desperately in love with him, and that love has turned her into a woman of iron. She left Bismarck determined to save him from further ruin. It will not surprise us to hear of the most touching scenes in her brave attempt to reform him. A gentleman who saw him in Minneapolis the other day reports him looking seedy and altogether a wreck of his former greatness.

Another said he acted "loony," as if he was an opium eater, which he is. The Windsor Hotel, at St. Paul, is the latest victim reported. As he does very little check business now it is a question how he lives. The Milwaukee Telegraph says

Mrs. Gray has applied for a divorce but that is a mistake. The other Milwaukee

statement that he had only received \$2,300 of her money is also a mistake. He received about sixteen thousand dollars and went through it. The Telegraph gives this

SKETCH OF HIM:

"Ansley Gray was a native of Wisconsin, having been born at Mineral Point, in 1854. He was the son of J. B. Gray, and a nephew of the Hon. H. H. Gray. He was educated at the state university, and when barely of age, settled at Arena in Iowa county, and engaged in the practice of the law. In 1875, having become 21 years old the previous May, he was elected a member of the assembly, but his seat was contested by his competitor, Joseph Bennett, and toward the middle of the session by a strict party vote, the seat was given to his opponent, with liberal allowance in cash to himself as expenses. He was a young man apparently of many good qualities and of fine promise. His abilities were remarkably good; he was a fluent speaker, and great hopes were entertained of him by the members of his family, and by the public. He afterwards came to Milwaukee and engaged in law practice. He became acquainted with a most amiable and attractive young lady of Racine, who had several thousand dollars in money, and they were subsequently married. He gradually fell into vicious courses, drank heavily, found bad companionship, formed worse habits and went rapidly to the bad.

The father of this foolish and unfortunate young man was most highly respected, a useful and valuable citizen. His uncle, H. H. Gray, is one of the most prominent men in the state, a model of uprightness and high character, of ample wealth and the best social connections. It is not bad blood nor bad example that led to Ansley Gray's ruin?"

Don't Irritate S. Bull.

[New York Herald]

Our Indian relations were never so queer as now. They have often been fierce, savage and bloody, and they may be so again in a day or two if there should be a collision of the main body of troops under Gen. Miles with the 1,000 braves said to be on our side of the Canada line with Sitting Bull. They have not often been ridiculous, yet the anxious instructions that have been sent from Washington present them decidedly in that light. All that troubles men at the national capital is apparently the fear that Gen. Miles will "irritate" Sitting Bull. He is instructed urgently on that point.

LINES TO A CAT.

I love thee, cat; I love thy pleasant ways;
I love to see thee dozing round the house;
I love, through all these dreamy summer days
To watch thee circumvent the bashful mouse
I love to hear thy calm, contented purr,
And stroke thy coat—so near, and yet so fur.
But I love not, when starry night is come,
To wear thee, cat, with velvet-padded hoof,
Rapid as taps on the startled drum,
Or summer rain-drops, patterning on the roof
For when thy claws slip from their velvet
jacket
Thee art a wild Niagara cat—a cat a racket.
Sweet warbler, when the radiant moonlight
falls
In mellow splendor on the haunted shed,
Oft have I listened to thy plaintive wails
And cursed thee, from my sleep-deserted bed,
How have I wept to hear thy long-drawn shout,
"Maria! oh! Ma-ri-a! Comin' ou-out?"

Oh, cat ambitious! Thou wert born to lead:
Thou are the first in peace, in war the furs;
And to provide for each and every need,
Thou never goest out without my puss.
And like most human vocalists who sing,
You get back up, cat, at every thing.

Why dost thou rage, vain cat, when sable night
With "dewy freshness fills the silent air?"
Why dost thou climb the roof to yell and fight,
And rip and spit and snort and crawl and
swear?
Dost thou not blush, sweet cat, when rosy dawn
Sees half thy fur clawed out, and one eye gone?

Oh, cat, thou wouldest not thus disturb the
moon;

It to the temperance pledge thou wouldest
but stick;

Thou wouldest not fight, unless at some saloon,
Thou didst get tighter, cat, than any brick.
I know you cat, I see it in your eye;
Full oft you take your catnaps on the sly.

Go, gentle cat, go from my lap and prowl
Upon the dizzy wood-shed's beetling height,
On lofty dormer window sit and howl,
And every thing that weareth cat-hair flight.
And I will love thee still, for all of that,
Because I would not have thee less a cat.

Yet hear! When midnight pauses in the sky,
I will arise from sleepless couch of mine,
And guided by the animated cry,
And by thine eyes so brilliantly that shine,
I will take down my trusty culverin,
And with six pounds of buckshot fill thy skin.

It is also a hurt on the wood-shed.

JOHN DUVAL'S ESCAPE.

No event in the history of our country was attended with more thrilling incidents, or more striking instances of personal heroism, than the Texan revolution of 1836. Yet few of these have been recorded, or at least recorded in a manner to be much read.

Texas, while a province of Mexico, had been mainly settled by emigrants from the United States. Outraged by bad government, the people rose and proclaimed Texas a free republic. Between five and six hundred volunteers, under Col. Fannin, rallied in defense of this proclamation.

Against this little band came the entire strength of the Mexican army, in those palmy days of Mexican glory when Santa Anna was at the height of his power. After a number of hard fought actions, the handful of volunteers were hemmed in at Victoria. Their stock of powder and lead was exhausted, and they were forced to surrender as prisoners of war.

This occurred in March, 1836. The volunteers were taken to Mission Goliad, on the San Antonio river, and on the twenty-seventh of the month, expecting to be released on parole, they were taken out of the mission, and without a moment's warning shot in cold blood, by Santa Anna's own order, it is said.

Of the four hundred and eighty or ninety young men who filed out of the mission gates on that fatal morning, John Duval, then but a youth in years, was one of the few who, almost by a miracle, escaped.

"Early Sunday morning," says Duval, "four or five Mexican officers came into the Mission yard where we were confined and bade us get ready to march to Co-pano, saying that we were to be liberated on parole and sent home."

"We were formed in three divisions, and marched out separately. The division into which I was drafted consisted of about 150 men. We believed what had been told us, and had not the slightest suspicion of danger.

"As we filed out of the gates and past the houses, I noticed a number of Mexican girls standing in groups of four or five and looking at us in a pitying way. We had often danced with them at the *fandangos*, and as we marched past, we nodded to them and called them by name. From two or three I heard the low words *Pobrecitos!*" (Poor fellows), "Adios, pobrecito!" (Good-bye, poor fellow).

"But we were all in pretty good spirits, and had not a thought of the doom awaiting us. When we had marched about half a mile a halt was ordered, and the column of Mexican infantry that was guarding us on our right, countermarched and formed in line behind the column on our left.

"Even then I thought this movement was merely for some change in the order of march; but a moment after some one standing near me cried out:

"Boys, they are going to shoot us!"

"At the same instant I heard the clicking of their musket-locks, and before we had time to stir we were fired upon.

"Most of them fell dead on the spot. The man standing in front of me was killed. When the ball struck him, he leaped convulsively backward with great force, knocking me to the ground."

"I lay for a moment stunned. The smoke of the deadly volley drifted into our faces, and partly hid us from those who had fired.

"Before I had time to scramble up, the two lines of Mexican soldiers had rushed over us in pursuit of those of our men who were unhurt and who had fled."

"We were near the upper ford of the San Antonio River. The stream was on our right. I knew that my only safety lay in getting across it, but the Mexicans were between me and the river."

"I ran after them, however, unobserved in the smoke and confusion, and had got within fifty or sixty yards of the bank when one of them turned and saw me. His musket was empty, but he drew back for a thrust with his bayonet, when another man ran blindly between us and received the thrust.

"While the Mexican was withdrawing his bayonet, I ran on and went headlong through their now scattered line. Several of the soldiers shouted and fired at me. I heard the balls whizz by, but none of them touched me. Reaching the bank I leaped into the river, which at that point ran deep and very swiftly, though not more than sixty yards wide. The current set towards the opposite bank, and being a good swimmer I soon reached it.

"As I swam, I could hear the Mexicans loading their muskets on the bank behind me, shouting and ramming down their bullets. The bank for which I was swimming I found was eight or ten feet high, and nearly perpendicular, and when I reached it I could not touch bottom with my feet.

"The current swept me along down the bank, exposing me to the aim of the soldiers who were on the opposite shore. The murderous wretches began to fire at me, and no doubt enjoyed the sport. The balls struck all about me, pit, pat, in the water, as I floated and swam along the high bank for a hundred yards or more, and it is a wonder I was not killed or wounded.

"At length I came to a grapevine which hung trailing in the water from a tree that leaned over the bank. This I caught, and drawing myself up, began to climb it. I had nearly reached the top of the bank when a soldier who had followed down on the opposite side fired his *escopeta* (a kind of musket) at me, and cut the vine off about six inches over my head!

"Back I went into the river with a splash.

"At that they raised a shout. They thought they had hit me, but I was un-hurt. I had sense, however, to float and let them think me dead, or mortally wounded. The current took me down eighty or a hundred yards further, when coming to a shelving bank, I scrambled out of the water—somewhat to the surprise of my pursuers—and took to the woods."

Young Duval's object was now to reach the American settlements on the other side of the Brazos. The intervening country was a wilderness. Where settlements had been made they were now deserted, on account of the war. He wandered for weeks through this wilderness, living on what he could find, and in danger every hour from the Indians and marauding bands of the Mexican cavalry.

One afternoon, after crossing a grassy prairie, he came to a heavily timbered bottom where there was a river. This he knew must be the Navidad. While looking along the bank for a shallow place where the stream could be forded, he heard the barking of a dog.

"At first," he says, "I supposed that it might be some settler's dog, left behind in the general flight; but I soon perceived that it was coming nearer although I was walking quite fast.

"I then surmised that the dog was on my track, and that probably there might be some one following him. Coming now to shoal water, I waded into the river at a place where it was not much above my knees, and then hurried on as fast as I could.

"After an hour or more, during which I must have gone four or five miles, I emerged from the timber upon the edge of another prairie.

"All this time the yelping of the dog had continued. The animal seemed to have fully kept pace with me, and was not now, I judge, more than half a mile behind. I felt sure that this persistence in following me meant danger.

"I went out on the open prairie for three or four hundred yards, then turned short round and retraced my steps to the edge of the timber. Here I made a leap, just as far as I could at one jump, off to the right of my trail, then running down the edge of the timber for ten or fifteen rods, I hid myself in the top of a tree which had lately been blown down. I posted myself so that I could have a good view of the prairie above me, and of my recent trail.

"The barking of the dog quickly came nearer, and soon a yellow and white cur appeared, followed by three Comanche Indians, one of whom held the dog back by a lash. They came out on my trail at the precise point where I had left it.

"One of the savages had a gun; the other two had lances and bows. They were walking fast, and went straight out upon the prairie, following the trail I had made, the dog now yelping eagerly.

"When they came to the place where I had turned back, the dog stopped and began smelling about, as if at fault. The brute seemed to wish to turn back. My heart beat fast then, for I was wholly unarmed.

"But the savages, thinking that I had gone on, pulled the dog forward, and continued on across the prairie. As soon as they were out of sight, I rapidly made tracks in another direction. But for this trick I am very sure they would have had my scalp.

"For the next three or four days I wandered through a tract of country where there was but little that I could use for food. At length, late one afternoon, I came to a clearing, on the further side of which I saw a log house. After watching a while, I became satisfied that there was no person in the house, and then I ventured across the clearing to it.

"The door stood open. I stole in and searched eagerly for food, for I was nearly famished, and had grown so weak that I could hardly walk. But I could find nothing save a few dried crumbs on the cupboard shelves, and some unsavory old beef bones. These crumbs I greedily devoured, and then knewed the beef bones.

There was a bed in one corner, which looked so inviting that I determined to rest on it for that night at least.

"About midnight I was startled by a noise of some sort. Listening, I found that it was made by hogs grunting beneath the cabin floor. The shanty was set up on blocks, two or three feet from the ground, to keep out snakes. The hogs had taken shelter under it.

"At another deserted cabin where our hero stopped to pass a night he found a large wolf-dog, which, like himself, appeared to be a refugee and a wanderer. The dog seemed overjoyed at meeting a human being. The two at once joined their fortunes, and thenceforward traveled in company.

"Four or five days later they reached the San Bernard river, which they crossed by swimming, and then went to an abandoned house to pass the night.

"For supper that evening they had only some dry corn, so, building a fire, Duval set at work to parch the corn in the hot ashes.

"While thus busily occupied," he said, Ben—which was the name I had given my dog—uttered a low growl, and looking up I saw the muzzle of a gun poked slowly through the open window.

"In a moment it flashed to my mind that the smoke of my fire had attracted the attention of some straggling party of the enemy, and I saw that I was completely entrapped, for the only door of the house was on the same side as the window.

"Before I had time to think what I would do the dog leaped through the window.

"At the same time I heard some one utter a smothered shout, followed by some swearing in very plain English, and I rushed out just in time to prevent the dog from throttling an old friend of mine named Hardeman, who, with Capt. Duncan and his company, were in pursuit of the flying Mexicans; for while I had been wandering in the wilderness the decisive battle of San Jacinto had been fought, and Santa Anna himself was a prisoner to our brave fellows.

"Hardeman had seen my smoke and thought there might be Mexicans in the house. Ben would have seized him fairly by the throat had it not been for a thick woolen comforter which he had muffed around his neck.—*Youth's Companion*.

Items of Interest.

The man who sets a bad example hatches mischief.

A fast horse—The one that is hitched to a lamp-post.

Over 130 students at Harvard take lessons in singing.

Regarded out of "danger"—Any letter that is not in that word.

Louisiana's sugar crop last year was the largest since the war.

There are forty-four American firms doing business in Japan.

The man who was made to command was made to order.

"As the crow flies" seems to be a favorite expression with many writers; and not without cause.

"If a man has no views of his own," says the New Orleans *Picayune*, "he should buy a few of the stereoscopic kind."

Thirteen handkerchiefs, four wallets and two watches were found on a pickpocket who had been at work only an hour in a St. Louis funeral assembly.

Where is the man with soul so dead,

Who has not a beastly cold in his head,

In this, his own—kertschtchow-wow!! er ah-umm-er-k tss-shoraceeh!!!

The latest style of marking sheep is to attach a numbered tag to the animal's ear. If Mary had a little lamb now it would wear earrings.

Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down for a few moments' rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies.

There are some things that are as well kept dark. It isn't policy to throw light upon such a subject as an open barrel of gunpowder, for instance.

What is supposed to be the largest tree in the Southern States is a tulip-bearing poplar near Augusta, Ga., which is 155 feet high and nine feet in diameter, its lowest branches being fifty-five feet from the ground.

The following extraordinary inscription appears on a tombstone in the English graveyard at Peshawar: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. Blank Blank, A. M., who spent seventeen years as a missionary among the Afghans, and translated the Holy Writ into their language. He was shot by his attendant. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but I think it's better in the dark."

One of the famous prophecies of Mother Shipton, who lived in England over 300 years ago, was that Ham Hill, a large stone quarry near Yeovil, would suddenly be swallowed up by an earthquake at 12 o'clock on Good Friday, 1779, and that Yeovil would be visited by a tremendous flood. When the morning of that day came, such was the faith in Mother Shipton that large numbers of people came as near as they dared to watch the catastrophe. Many people living near by went several miles from the locality, others moved the pots and pans from their shelves and stowed away their looking glasses, while others suspended agricultural work for several days preceding the expected shock, so as not to waste labor and seed. Twelve o'clock came and superstition lost an other hold upon ignorance.

The door stood open. I stole in and found nothing save a few dried crumbs on the cupboard shelves, and some unsavory old beef bones. These crumbs I greedily devoured, and then knewed the beef bones.

The Carmen bonnet of white organdy is pretty and inexpensive for midsummer wear at the watering-places. It is made double of the sheet muslin, drawn over fine white wire at intervals of an inch and has the Mary Stuart pointed front, widely flaring sides, and indented curtain band that distinguishes the large Carmen shape. A bunch of field poppies, blue corn-flowers, buttercups or daisies, with some loops of black velvet ribbon, form the trimmings.

Farmers in California are cutting hay in some localities. There is a fair outlook for the hay crop of the State.

St. Paul Business Directory.

(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyon.)

PERKINS, LYONS & CO.—Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines, and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandies, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 94 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

RAIG & LARKIN—Importers and Dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. East Third Street St. Paul, Minn.

CAMPBELL BURKANK & CO.—Manufacturers and Jobbers of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods, No. 68 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minnesota.

L. ISAACS—Manufacturer and Jobber in Cigars, 53 Jackson Street, opposite Averbach, Finch Culbertson & Co., St. Paul, Minn.

MINNEAPOLIS BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CLARK HOUSE—Corner Fourth Street and Hennepin Ave., two blocks from the Academy of Music. Only first class Two Dollar House. New, Elegantly furnished, and situated in the finest portion of the City.

JOHN C. OSWALD, Wholesale Dealer in

WINES, LIQUORS &

CIGARS.

No. 17 Washington Av., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.,

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

JOHN C. OSWALD,

RAILWAY

MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS

AT ST. PAUL, WITH

St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

FOR

WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-

TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN,

McGREGOR, MADISON,

FOR FORTY YEARS.

For Forty Years,
Of mingled hopes and fears,
Of tales of battle, told with bated breath,
Of peace, remaining with her olive wreath,
Of love, of joy, of sorrow and of death!
For suns will sink and twilights melt away
Cool evening hurry on, nor midnight stay,
But at the summons of the morn 'en night
Grows green,
Stars fade from sight, and lo' the light! the light! the day!
Such change from day to night,
From dark to light,
Fuls up the record of my forty years.
For Forty Years
You boy, look forward on another page,
The will be dashed, the candle is not lit,
The page is white, the almanac is not written,
The stage is set the curtain pulled away,
The actors dressed ready for the play,
And the chorus stand
Is it for me
To say if it be Fable of Tragedy,
What shall the dancers dance, or what the rage?
That heaves the history of the stormy age,
For Forty Years.

Not mine! For Forty Years
The stage is all your own, the page is yours,
Of storm, or peace,
Of work, or ease,
Of winter tempests, or of summer showers,
Not mine to tell,
What hand shall work for woe, or what work well?
Only this oracle for gathering strife,
Only this lesson from a happy life.
Who loves and works for Love,
The miracle shall prove,
The Eternal power is his, whatever he do,
Weakness is strength for him, and old things
are made new.
As he mounts higher on these rounds of time,
His grasp more sure, his foot more quick, to climb.
Faster the rage is run,
As, one by one,
Our selfish handings away we find.
Love works the miracle of youth,
Love speaks the oracle of truth,
And they who prove
The strength of Love
Grow young and more young.
For Forty Years.

Aye, as we live, Life's song is better sung
Aye, as we live, Life's lyre more truly strung.
The blind receive their sight the dumb their tongue
Aye, as he grows, God's child becomes more young.
—Edward Everett Hale at the Hartford Alpha Delta Phi Convention

A FAMOUS FIVE.

Three Boys and Two Girls Born at the Same Time.
—San Francisco Chronicle

Queen Victoria's bounty of \$15 for every case of triplets appears to have had a very stimulating effect in all parts of her extensive dominions. She has hitherto confined the reward to cases occurring in Great Britain, but the wife of an honest German farmer in the colony of South Australia has recently presented an extremely strong appeal for an extension of the bounty beyond the limits of "the right little island," as Cobden called it. Jacob Schuler, farmer, residing about thirty miles from the town of Kapunda, South Australia, appears to have attracted no attention beyond the circle of his friends, who were few and far between in the thinly settled region where he and his fellow-colonists from Germany had settled. His wife, on the other hand, attracted attention wherever she went, and well she might, if the reports concerning her size, weight and achievements in the way of increasing the population are correct. She is said to stand six feet four inches in her stockings, and to weigh the balance at exactly 244 pounds and seven ounces. She gave birth to a boy and a girl in March, 1873, and to two boys and one girl in September, 1876, one child being born between these two grand events, a fact deemed of so little importance in her remarkable efforts to increase the population of her adopted country, that local chroniclers have not thought it worth their time to furnish the exact date of its occurrence. Her crowning effort, however, and one that would bid her live in America, at once, have gained for her the title of champion child producer, took place in October, 1878. She gave birth to three boys and two girls. Journalism in Australia is conducted in a quiet, sober manner. The busy reporter in search of an item is an unknown personage there. Two-thirds of the newspaper is devoted to advertisements, one-ninth to accounts of what is going on "at home," as they call England, and the remainder to various topics. It is not strange, therefore, that the most remarkable fact in Mrs. Schuler's life was not immediately made public. A friend of the family wrote a letter to another friend and mentioned the circumstances of the case. The friend reported to the editor of the *Nord Australische Zeitung*, published at Brisbane, and he inserted a short paragraph in reference to it. The *Australische Zeitung*, published at Adelaide, denied the story. These two German journals, the only ones in Australia by the way, fought a verbal duel over the matter for several weeks, when an article appeared in the *Melbourne Argus* in reference to the matter, purporting to have come from one who had seen the mother and children. Finally, the *South Australian Register* sent a reporter from Adelaide to the residence of Schuler, and he furnished a minute report of the case, proving its truthfulness. It appears from his published account that Mrs. Schuler was at work about the house preparing her husband's dinner, when she was compelled on account of indisposition to retire to her couch. Her mother called the husband from his work at the barn, and he in turn dispatched a boy employed about the place for a Mrs. Haines, who acted occasionally as a midwife. This woman lived about five miles away; and, though she hastened accordingly, she did not reach the residence of Schuler until two children had been born. There was ample need of her services, however, for three more little ones were soon added to the Schuler family. Every one present appears to have been greatly astonished, for, though Mrs. Schuler had already made a reputation in this line, so

great an event was utterly unexpected. The father of the five is said to have sat stupidly down and mechanically gazed from one babe to another, simply saying, "Mein Gott! mein Gott!" There were three boys and two girls, but no facts as to their weight and appearance immediately after birth are given. All of them are alive, and are said to be very healthy. Thanks to the wise provision of Yankee ingenuity in introducing the nursing bottle, they have all been provided with an abundant supply of that fluid so necessary to the sustenance of infant life. The neighbors of the Schulers donated various small articles and money to assist Mr. Schuler's family, and a six-penny subscription has been started in the colony for their benefit. It will probably yield enough to clothe, support and educate the five until they reach a self-supporting age, judging by the result of a similar subscription made in the colonies for Pierce, the sole male survivor of the terrible *Loch Ard* shipwreck, and who rendered himself worthy of it by swimming back into the surf about 200 yards and assisting Miss Carmichael, the only one of the passengers of the ill-fated vessel that escaped, to reach the shore. That subscription amounted to nearly \$10,000, and it is probable that the fund for the famous five will equal if not exceed it, for when the Australian people undertake to do a thing they usually accomplish it. A full account of the case has been transmitted to the Secretary of the Colonies at London in order that it may be laid before the Queen, and Victoria, herself the mother of a large family, will no doubt suitably reward her fruitful subject. Michael Hegarty, the Australian Barnum, is said to have offered Mr. Schuler \$250 a week and all expenses of himself, wife and five children to travel, but the offer was declined.

Of Course He Could Do It.

"New bonnet! new bonnet! \$12 for a new bonnet!" exclaimed Mr. Slick, the other evening, as his wife suggested a change from the winter style.

"Yes, only \$12," she humbly replied.

"Twelve dollars for a bonnet is a confounded outrage, and I know it," he went on. "Why, I can buy two silk hats for that money and have some strawberry change left. It's a dead swindle to ask \$12 for a bonnet!"

"Well, I can't do any better, Mr. Slick. That's the price, and I must pay or go without."

"You don't know how to buy—that's what ails you!" he growled. "I'll be money I can buy a \$12 bonnet for \$8. It's all in knowing how to handle the salesmen."

"I wish you'd try it," she suggested.

"I will, by George, I will! I'll bring up a new bonnet in the morning, and I'll get it for four dollars cheaper than you dare to!"

Mr. Slick was as good as his word. He went into a millinery store the next afternoon with his eye-teeth all sharpened, and with the idea in his mind that every bonnet in the store was priced at exactly \$12. He looked around a little, selected a bonnet that pleased him, and, pointing his cane at it and calling up his deepest voice he inquired:

The woman flushed, looked from the bonnet to the man, and was trying to reply, when he said:

"These are not the times for outrageous prices, and all the buyer realize it. I'll give you \$8 for that bonnet and not a cent more."

"That—that bonnet—"

"Eight dollars and no more," he interrupted; and she put the article into a box and took his money.

"What'd I tell my wife, eh?" he whispered, as he went out. "I tell you it takes a man to buy goods, no matter whether his fence posts or paper cambrie."

When he sat down at home and took the cover of the box and held up the bonnet, Mrs. Slick inquired:

"How much did she charge you?"

"Eight dollars, madam; while you would have paid \$12."

"Richard!" she said, as she tried to laugh all over at once. "I was with the lady next door when she ordered that bonnet for her cook, and the price was to be \$4. You see, it—"

He held up his finger, counted three fives out of his wallet, and left them on the chair for her.

A Canine Mind-Reader.

A very pretty illustration of that unconscious suggestion upon which success in "mind-reading," so called, has been based, is furnished by the performances of a clever dog belonging to the well-known spectroscopist and astronomer, Dr. Huggins. This dog, a mastiff of noble proportions, to whom has been given the name of Kepler, possessed many rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances; and among these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted off-hand with the utmost neatness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of 9, Kepler replied with three barks; or, if the question were the square root of 16, by 4. Then various questions followed, in which more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as "add 7 to 8, divide the sum by 3, and multiply by 2." To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still in the end, his decision was always right. The reward for each correct answer was

a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at Kepler never moved his eye from his master's face.

The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake. Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention.

Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, expected the dog to cease barking when the number was reached, and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog.

The instance is strictly analogous to the well known case in which a button suspended from a thread and held by a finger near the rim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings, and then stops—that is, provided the person who holds the button himself knows the hour! The explanation of this is, the hand that holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging, and as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation, in the expectation that a definite number of strokes upon the glass will occur, his own brain-convolutions take care that the finger shall be in accordance with the expectation.

The mathematical training of poor Kepler has, unfortunately, come to an untimely end. The interesting arithmetician died of an attack of typhus fever, to the great sorrow of his large circle of friends, at the beginning of last year, and he now sleeps under the shadow of the telescope at Tulane Hall. The memory of his high attainments and of the distinguished success with which he upheld the reputation of his name, however, remains.

A Famous Gambler's Career.

The weight of evidence, or rather of assertion, is that of Garcia, the famous gambler, is indeed dead. He is a Spaniard, and first came into fame as a great player at Homburg, where he arrived with a small capital, some 5,000 or 10,000 francs. A steady run of fortune in his favor increased his capital to half a million and made him the lion of the place. M. Blane (who died two years ago) enjoyed a tilt of this titanic sort, and was also keenly alive to the advantages of a gigantic advertisement, hence he gave the gambler the privilege of playing five times the limit, or maximum, so that on each roll of the ball \$12,000 depended. After a two months struggle Garcia left Homburg in his own carriage, drawn by four horses, the whole town cheering him, and something like 2,500,000 francs in his possession. He went home to Spain, built a church, gave alms liberally, and took an oath never to gamble again. This oath he kept for two years, living in princely fashion in Spain, but spending the gaming season on the Rhine, watching the players with serene pleasure. One day at Baden the Duke de Mornay met him and asked him to play a few stakes, that he might see something of the wonderful system by which the great gambler had broken the bank. Garcia declined and explained that he had renounced play forever, to which the duke replied with something of a sneer that probably he had been prudent in doing so. Garcia, nettled at the remark, put down a note and lost it, and another and lost that. The duke laughed so tauntingly at this that Garcia went to his hotel, and stuffed his pockets with notes and gold and returned to the play-room. When it closed at night he had lost nearly \$100,000; in a few days the whole \$500,000 had vanished. The Calzado affair followed, when Garcia was imprisoned for card-sharpening; this ruined him finally. His play was stopped at Saxon-les-Bains, being round the place, tendering instructions to inexperienced players; afterwards he haunted Monaco, where, however, he was refused access to the gaming tables when he had money. So he died in poverty.

Lightning Benefits.

When I boarded the train at New York yesterday morning a man said to me:

"Big thing, this telegram."

"Yes," I said, "it is as big as a grape-vine."

"No joking," he said. "I came up here to New York yesterday, one hundred miles out of my way to see a man."

When I got here, went to the St. Nicholas, and when I was ready to go out and see my man, by jocks, stranger. I had lost his address, and by George, I couldn't even think of his first name. And his last name was only Johnson. Easy name to hunt for, eh?" I was left. You know what it is to find anybody in New York when you don't know their address.

It is worse than finding an honest man. Well, this man was a new comer here; his name wasn't in the directory. I asked questions until I made a fool of myself.

Then I said to the telegraph operator at the St. Nicholas:

"I'll keep me here a week. I've got to write clear to St. Louis and get that man's address."

"Telegraph," the operator said.

"Well, I never thought of that before. I wrote a dispatch right away."

"To Getit & Keapit, brokers, St. Louis, what is our man Johnson's first name, and what's his address?"

And in due course the answer came back:

"James P. —, St. Nicholas Hotel."

"What do you think of that stranger? I went to the clerk and said:

"Is Mr. James P. Johnson in his room?"

"That is Mr. James P. Johnson," said the clerk.

"The man, stranger, was standing beside me, waiting for me to move, so that he could speak to the clerk. And I had just sent one thousand miles to find where he was. Funny, stranger, wasn't it?" — *Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Broken Heart.

Miss Prince was the only daughter of a Pittsburgh merchant, and two years ago was wedded to Mr. Savage, of Baltimore.

Six hours after the ceremony the train upon which they had started on their bridal tour was wrecked, and the husband of less than a day was killed. The shock of the terrible calamity robbed the young wife for a time of her reason.

From this mental death she recovered to go into a slow decline. All the blossoms of her life were withering, and the world once so robed in beauty and delight became a prison from which her spirit longed to be free. They took her across the sea, but the panorama of scene and incident had no power to renew the love of life, and the young thing faded as a flower fades. At last they took her to the south of France, and there amid the bloom of flowers—on the spot where Petrarch once sang songs to *Elvira*—in the home of Leonardo da Vinci's exile—this fair American girl found the peaceful quiet of the grave. Our correspondent who relates the incident draws a vivid picture of the sorrowing family around the death-bed. The father overwhelmed with grief, the mother wild with despair, while a young sister clasping a hand of the dying girl looks with pallid face and rigid lips into the glazed eyes.

"The anguish is nearly over—my race of life is done," came in a feeble intonation from the lips of the dying.

"And you are willing to die?" asked a minister, bending low to catch the whispered utterance.

"Oh, so glad! Listen to me. I die as many of my sex have done, of a broken heart. I had put my all of life and hope on the hazard of an earthly love, and God has smitten me for my sin."

"It was no sin to love."

"No, not to love—but to build an idol as I did—and to worship the creature instead of the Creator. I have been terribly punished. The horror of these two brief years no words can tell."

There was a flutter of the feeble heart. The blue eyes sheathed themselves beneath palely-tinted waxen lids, and the fair young form, once so full of subtle life, was frozen into death.

A Palpable Hit.

Not long ago, in a country town, a barrister was examining a lady witness, who would talk, and who would not let any of the lawyer's quibbles get the better of her. The forensic advocate grew irate at the old lady's loquacity, and, as she stepped down after her badgering, remarked, "You see, your Honor, these old women will talk. They are very troublesome, and will waste the time of the court." His Honor looked up, relieved himself with one of his peculiar sighs, and replied, "Ah, Mr. —, there are rapidly increased, till we were in a majority, and I discovered that no lady who arrived after I did had removed her hat! Now, that is what I call politeness!"

Opium smoking finds little toleration in Japan. A man was recently sentenced to ten years' hard labor in Yokohama for violation of the law against the practice.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE, GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in
NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY
KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES
THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.
Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
WEEKLY, One Year, \$2.50
" Six Months, 1.50
" Three Months, 75

ADVERTISING RATES:
Transient—Display, One inch, one time \$1;
subsequent insertions, 50 cents: additional lines,
no extra charge.
Local Notices, twenty-five cents per folio for
first insertion and fifty cents per folio for each
subsequent insertion.
Contract Rates—One inch, three months, \$5;
2½ inches, three months, \$10; 5 inches, \$15;
10 inches, \$25; 20 inches, \$50.
Professional cards, four lines or less, per an-
num \$10; additional lines, \$2.50.
Local business notices, 10 cents per line each
insertion.
Original poetry, \$1 per line.
All bills for Advertising will be collected
monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third Mondays of each month at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOSEPH HART, W. M.
EMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F. are held in Raymond's Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

W. A. BENTLEY, N. G.
S. T. SIMONSON, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D., rector. Services at the brick school house every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school after morning service. All are cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.

GEO. W. BARNETT, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. W. C. Stevens, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats fr. c.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Monday excepted, at 7:45 p. m. Leave daily, except

Leave for Fort Stevenson, Berthold and Bismarck and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday: returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leave for Bismarck and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.

Registered Mails at all Points Close at 5 P. M.

Office open from 7 to 9:30 a. m. and 4 to 7 p. m.

The Post Office is now supplied with the ten dollar refunding certificates; the safest and best investment known for small savings.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1879.

CHARLEY HENDRYX, of the Minneapolis Tribune, has purchased the Sauk Rapids Sentinel. He will make it one of the best country newspapers in Minnesota.

THE Winnebago City, Minn., Sun says fields in the vicinity, sown with North Pacific wheat, yield five bushels more per acre than those sown with Minnesota seed.

The Lambert family, massacred on the upper Missouri, is styled by the Fargo Review "old settlers." THE TRIBUNE rather thinks they were—natives in fact—half, three-quarter and whole bloods.

The editorial excursion party was more than satisfied with their trip to Bismarck. They were delighted. They examined and were pleased with grand farms in the Red River country but the Stark farm was declared to be the handsomest of all.

The Yellowstone Journal, published at Miles City, is an admirable specimen of a first-class frontier newspaper. It is a better paper than is found in many towns of five thousand inhabitants. Maj. McElrath, the publisher, more than fills the bill. The Yellowstone valley now has an organ that the most exacting friend cannot find fault with. Sitting Bull will weep when he learns what his beautiful hunting ground has produced.

BRIK POMEROY, writing in his dashing style of the Future Northwest, in the LaCrosse Democrat, says: "West from Minnesota lies Dakota, a territory larger than all of New England, four times the size of Wisconsin or Iowa. Here it is, awaiting with its upheaved bosom the embrace of the husbandman, and ready to yield at his call everything that man can desire for his pleasure, support, entertainment or gratification. The time is not far distant when Dakota alone will send to market 100,000,000 bushels of wheat per year, supplying food to thousands and millions of people, not only in the United States, but in other countries where live those who are not sufficiently enterprising to move forward to the occupancy of new soils, new fields, new countries, and to the development of new enterprises."

CONALING's suggestion of the name of Hon. Wm. Windom for the Presidency, created a ripple which has already reached the dignity of a wave which will soon grandly all over the Northwest. Mr. Windom is among the ablest of our public men. He was in the Senate ten years and has been in the Senate nearly two terms. He is familiar with every department of the government and with the wishes and necessities of the people, and is disposed to make concessions to the people when

justice rather than policy demands concessions.

During all the years Mr. Windom has been in Congress the breath of scandal has not in any wise tarnished his fair fame.

Though originally an Ohio man, educated in Ohio schools, beginning the practice of law in Ohio courts, he has never been affected with Ohio's peculiar view on financial questions, but has always been sound financially, and a true Republican. He has held the highest positions in the Senate Committee, and is held in the highest esteem, socially, by all who know him, and politically by all men in the front rank of the Republican party.

Without wishing to disparage Grant or Colfax, Johnson or Wilson, they are no more to be compared with Windom for ability than a potato is to be compared with a diamond for brilliancy. In those qualities which go to make the man and statesman he is the peer of any man in the nation. Though not gifted with the eloquence of Blaine or Conkling, there is in Congress no more effective speaker, and none more daring.

THE YOUNG MAN AT THE FRONT.

The endorsement said to have been made by Gen. Sheridan on the Miles dispatch in relation to the young man who wants a fight with the Indians, is repudiated by both Sheridan and Sherman but the publication of the alleged endorsement has given the newspapers of the country occasion to criticize, in many cases ungenerously, the "young man at the front" who, probably, is more familiar with the Indian business and the Indian country, and is better qualified to cope with his Indian adversaries, than any other officer in the army; and it is assumed by many that Miles, led by ambition, is rushing his command into a mad and hopeless campaign in the hope of gaining glory and a star, not only without orders but in violation of instructions in the plainest terms; and already the humanitarian is getting his water pots ready for extended weeping over the injustice done Sitting Bull's band of beggars and murderers, and his crumbs ready for the widows and orphans to be made by the massacre which it is assumed will surely result from the present campaign. But as one familiar with Gen. Miles and his way of doing things the writer wants to say that notwithstanding the dash and boldness of Gen. Miles there is no officer in the army more cautious—more guarded than Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

There is no danger of his advancing beyond a sure base of supplies, or neglecting to protect safe lines of retreat. No danger that he will be hemmed in and slaughtered as Custer was, because the jealousies which pushed Custer to desperation never could exist under Miles. Too many under Custer felt that they were sure to have a battle when ever an opportunity presented, regardless of consequences. They thought him like the Paddy at Danny Brook Fair who was bound to hit a head wherever he found it, and thought him extremely liable to get into a fracas, at any time, that would lead to death, or serious disaster to those under him. None quelled his disposition to fight and all admired his dash, but many under him did not follow him hopefully or confidently.

It was this feeling which Custer knew existed that led him to divide his forces and select for his personal command those recognized as Custer's friends, and these he led to death in a desperate attempt to win all of the glory in the campaign for Custer and his friends. All under M's, both officers and men, believe in their leader. They know that while he sometimes moves like the whirlwind he gives personal attention to the organization of that whirlwind and controls it and will not set it in motion unless proper occasion arises.

There is not a ripple of discontent in his command and none ever question his judgment. Not only that, but even the savages whom he is expected to fight respect him, and a considerable portion of them would be glad to surrender to him and adopt the ways of peace. He has organized a force of native scouts in whom he can always rely, and his men have been taught to fight Indians by Indian modes of warfare, changing as it were in a moment from infantry to cavalry, or the reverse. They have all the dash of the most noted cavalry and all the steadiness of heavy infantry.

Miles, too, has all the dash of Custer coupled with a clear head and power for organization not excelled by any officer in the army. Jealousy in connection with Miles exists in the army, it is true but it is among the "old army officers" whose chief glory consists in the fact, as the New York Herald remarks, that they are old army officers.

Miles is not loose in the Indian country because he is spoiling for a fight with Sitting Bull. He is under orders from proper authorities, and to carry out the well considered purpose of the government to compel the Indians to return to the agencies and surrender their arms or

to compel their return to British territory where they took refuge after the murder of Custer and his command. The campaign of 1876 drove the buffalo as well as the Indians across the line; the movements of the Indians since has compelled the return of the buffalo, followed by the Indians. It is Miles' purpose to get between the Indians and the buffalo and prevent as far as he can their taking advantage of the summer hunting season believing that to be the most effective way to reach and subdue them. He also desires to protect the upper Missouri river country, including the agencies of friendly Indians, who are liable, at any moment, to be raided by the hostiles.

He is in little or no danger, and if a battle does occur it will be found that he has been attacked by the Indians in positions of his own choosing, and this back fire whether indulged by "old army officers" or humanitarians is almost criminal. It is only less reprehensible than Northern sympathy with Southern rebellion because it does not have the effect to strengthen the purpose of the Indian foe, though it may encourage the Democratic disposition to withhold supplies from the army.

INVESTMENTS IN THE WEST.

It was only a few years ago when Oliver Dalrymple, a young and almost briefless barrister, abandoned the law for the farm. He purchased land on time and developed it without money, realizing in three years about one hundred thousand dollars. This he invested in a magnificent block in St. Paul and in wheat margin and lost it all.

Six years ago the writer urged the Northern Pacific railroad people to develop their land. He urged the policy, subsequently adopted, of making large concessions to purchasers of land in consideration of improvements, holding that it would be far better for the company to give away their lands and secure their immediate improvement than to hold them five years and sell at five dollars an acre.

This view was adopted and the president of the North Pacific Railroad, Gen. Geo. W. Cass, and a few associates purchased a large tract of Northern Pacific land and sold to Oliver Dalrymple, who had made a fortune in wheat culture and lost it in wheat margins. "We will place this land at your disposal together with the capital necessary to improve it, paying you a liberal salary per annum, and when the return from products reaches the cost of land and improvements we will deed you one-half." The crop last year, being the third, brought a return of \$54,000, and Mr. Dalrymple was then deemed five thousand acres of land, worth \$100,000, in fulfillment of that promise, and purchased the other half. He is managing in addition to this farm of ten thousand acres fifty-five thousand acres on which there is several thousand acres under cultivation. He has in wheat this year 15,000 acres, and ready for wheat next year 12,000 acres in addition. The yield this year averages twenty-five bushels per acre and will command not less than one-dollar per bushel, for Mr. Dalrymple always ships on his own account and markets when his price is realized.

To-day Mr. Dalrymple has 600 men, 115 four horse self binding reapers and twenty steam threshers at work on his magnificent farms. His wheat product alone will amount to \$875,000 not to speak of barley, oats and corn.

The opportunity is as great to-day for large returns from the same source as it was five years ago when Mr. Dalrymple turned his first furrow. All that is wanted is capital and well directed efforts. There are millions of acres to be had on favorable terms, the price per acre not exceeding \$2.00 to \$2.50.

In the mines, too, there are opportunities for investment that will not fail to bring great returns. This is true whether one opens and operates mines, or whether he invests in stocks. There are hundreds of people who went to the Black Hills penniless who are to-day worth their thousands.

But perhaps the safest investment is in bond and mortgage on productive real estate. While money goes a begging in the East at four and five per cent, and is loaned in Europe at two and three, in many instances for less, it readily commands ten and twelve per cent over and above expenses of placing and collecting in the West.

This is because investments yield quick and certain returns to the borrower; because property rapidly appreciates in value; because towns and cities are developed in a day, as it were, where yesterday appeared a wilderness of prairie.

Less than six years ago the writer found only one house between Bismarck and Jamestown, one hundred miles east, and none between Jamestown and Valley City, having there one family, now a thriving town of several hundred, and less than half a dozen between that point and Far- go where now every quarter section is oc-

cupied, and where may be found the largest wheat farms in the world.

Within six years the guns of no less than three skirmishes with the Indians have been heard at Bismarck. Now the frontier has moved two hundred and fifty miles west and the theatre of Indian war is four hundred and fifty miles away. Such is the development of the West.

10-14 PETER MANTOR, Register.

Land Notices.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.
August 1, 1879.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Lambert, widow of Richard Lambert, for the S.E. 1/4 of Sec. 10 in Township 139 Range 80, and names the following as her witnesses, viz: Wm. Thompson and Henry M. Mixter, of Burleigh County, D. T.

10-14 PETER MANTOR, Register.

Land Office at Bismarck, D. T.
July 5th, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Henry M. Mixter, Homestead application No. 50, for the N. W. 1/4 of Section 14, Township 139, Range 80, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: John Pollock and Cyrus Thompson of Burleigh County, D. T.

6-10 PETER MANTOR, Register.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.
July 12th, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Chase C. Cushing, under his pre-emption filing No. 205 for the southwest quarter of section 26, township 139, range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Samuel Hodkinson, of Ohio or Indiana; Dr. Wm. A. Beattie, of Bismarck, D. T.; Thos. J. Mitchell, of Burleigh County; Orville E. Mitchell, of Burleigh County; E. F. Mitchell, of Burleigh County; R. R. Marsh, of Bismarck, D. T.

7-11 PETER MANTOR, Register.

LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, D. T.
July 12, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Stephen Welch, Homestead entry No. 68, for the S.W. 1/4 of Sec. 6, Township 138 Range 79, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Edmond Hackett and George Bridges, of Bismarck, D. T.

7-11 PETER MANTOR, Register.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
BISMARCK, D. T., July 16, 1879.
Complaint having been entered at this office by Michael Maycock against Walter C. Leavitt, dated July 24, 1878, upon the northwest quarter or section 32, township 139, range 79, in Burleigh County, Dakota Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said pre-emption filing; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 18th day of August, 1879, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

PETER MANTOR, Register.

8-11 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
BISMARCK, D. T., July 17, 1879.
To John Boyle and whom it may concern:
Elmer Otis having filed his notice in this office as required by law, that he intends to make final proof on his homestead entry No. 66, on the southwest quarter of section 8, township 138, range 79, you are notified that on Saturday, the 16th day of August, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at this office, said proof will be heard and taken, and at which time you may appear and show cause, if any you have, why such homestead entry should not be completed.

PETER MANTOR, Register.

8-11 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

LAND OFFICE BISMARCK, D. T.
August 1, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: Frederic Helbing, pre-emption D. T., No. 52, for the S.W. 1/4 of Sec. 23, Township 139, Range 81, and names the following as his witness, viz: Thomas J. Mitchell and Wm. Riley, of Burleigh County, D. T.

10-14 PETER MANTOR, Register.

W. S. LAND OFFICE,
BISMARCK, D. T., July 18, 1879.

Elmer Otis having filed his notice in this office as required by law, that he intends to make final proof on his homestead entry No. 66, on the southwest quarter of section 8, township 138, range 79, you are notified that on Saturday, the 16th day of August, next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at this office, said proof will be heard and taken, and at which time you may appear and show cause, if any you have, why such homestead entry should not be completed.

PETER MANTOR, Register.

8-11 EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

N. B. HARWOOD & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins</h3

RIVER NEWS.

ARRIVALS.

Rose Bud, Fort Keogh
Far West, Fort Benton.
Western, Yankton.
C. K. Pack, Fort Benton.
Fontenelle, Benton.
Gen. Sherman, Benton.
Helena, Yankton.
D. H. Rucker, Fort Keogh.
Red Cloud, Benton.

DEPARTURES.

Big Horn, Fort Benton.
Rose Bud, Terry's Landing.
Western, Yankton.
C. K. Pack, Yankton.
Fontenelle, Yankton.
Helena, Fort Benton.
D. H. Rucker, Yankton.

The Josephine departs for Fort Keogh Aug. 5th.

The Key West will leave for Benton on Tuesday, Aug. 5th.

The steamer Montana is on the ways at St. Louis.

The Dakotah is on her way to Cheyenne Agency.

The Benton left Yankton on the 31st with 300 tons for Fort Pierre.

The Key West arrive to-day from Yankton. She returns on Sunday.

The Red Cloud passed Stevenson at nine this morning, and will be here about five this afternoon.

The Coulson Line steamer Big Horn departed on the 26th for Benton with a full load of freight and passengers.

The Far West was loaded with hides for Tillinghast of Chicago, and several hundred sacks of ore for N. Y.

The D. H. Rucker, which left Bismarck for Keogh July 11th, at 6:20, a. m., arrived here last night. She passed on down to Sioux City.

The Steamer Red Cloud will leave for St. Louis on Sunday, Aug. 3d. This presents a fine opportunity for parties wishing to go to St. Louis direct.

The Rose Bud has on board for Fort Keogh one hundred and seventy thousand rounds of rifle cartridges, several rolls of galvanized iron for rifle pits and twenty bales of blankets.

The Gen. Sherman has arrived. She has had a long siege above, having made one trip to Benton and ferried Miles' command over the river at Ft. Peck. She went to Keogh for repair and returned to Peck.

The Benton Line steamer Butte, passed Fort Buford at noon to-day bound down for Benton with 180 tons of wood and ore. She goes through to Yankton, leaving here Monday morning at 9 a. m.

The Helena has arrived from Yankton, and made the remarkable time of six days and twenty-five hours from that place to Bismarck. She left here in the morning of 8:30 a. m. with 210 tons of freight and one hundred passengers, among them Misses Josie Power, S. Little, R. Hutchins, Mr. H. McGregor, T. C. Power, Mrs. Wm. Boyce and S. S. Huntley, of Montana, Mrs. Hoyt and Mrs. Kellogg of Fort Assinaboine.

The steamer Rose Bud arrived from Ft. Keogh on Monday, having made the round trip from Bismarck to Fort Keogh and return in seven days and twelve hours. This is by far the fastest time ever made by any steamer, and Capt. Joe Todd and the Rose Bud are entitled to the champion flag. The Rose Bud departed for Terry's Landing with a full load of freight; fifteen horses, two cows, two coops of carrier pigeons, and a full outfit of passengers, together with a large party of U. S. engineers, who go to Buffalo Gap to clear out the obstructions in the river. Among the Rose Bud's passengers were Col. Davidson and family, consisting of wife and two daughters, and a son; Lieut. Sibley, wife and two sisters, and Col. Batrd and wife.

The Sioux City Journal says of the North Pacific transfer steamer: "The first plank was sawed for this boat on April 14th, and on the 1st of July she was ready for business. The hull was built at the old government yard by Hamilton Bros., the engines and machinery are from the Broadway Works, St. Louis, and the boilers and shafts from Requa Bros., St. Louis. The hull is the only one on the Missouri that inspects a 1000-ton boat. The hull of the boat proves to be a fast one, each bearing the packed boats on the lower river. She is expected to draw only seven inches with six loaded cars on board. The cylinders are twenty inches in diameter with six feet stroke; length of boat 200 feet; beam, thirty-five; engines 300-horse power; total cost \$27,500. She had on about 240 tons of spikes for the Northern Pacific extension."

Resources of the Northwest.

[Yankton Press and Dakotian.]

The New York Times of the 23d inst., opens an editorial upon the subject of railroads in the undeveloped northwest with the following paragraph:

"In the past railroad world few circumstances are more remarkable than the anxiety to secure the traffic of the region traversed by the Northern Pacific railroad, which ten years ago was deemed worthy of serious notice."

The truth of this assertion is one of the remarkable discoveries of the present day. The world has recently found out that instead of an arid plain of desert sands, almost the entire area of northern Dakota is a productive region of magnificent promise. For years, so many that their number is forgotten, the maps have pictured the barren and inhospitable "Coteau du Missouri," running from a point one hundred miles northwest of Yankton through to the Canadian border, parallel with the Missouri river. Like the arid desert which flanked it on the east and west, the "coteau" of the maps is resolving itself into grass-covered prairie, under the developments which have followed the construction of the Northern Pacific road. Leaving Bismarck for the east the train runs across this "coteau." From horizon to horizon the train encounters—not the heated sands of a rainless waste but a living sea of waving green—the product of a soil of incomparable richness. On the western slope of this old time "coteau" is located the great Steele farm of 12,000 acres, and all along the railroad in its neighborhood houses and barns are springing up, while thousands of acres of seed planted in early spring is developing its crop.

Not less wonderful than these results will be the developments which will follow the westward extension of the Northern Pacific road, and of the arms of various other railroads now reaching out towards the comparatively unknown wilderness of northwest Dakota and Montana. Here lies the highway of a future railway traffic by the side of which the immense business of the Union Pacific company will sink into insignificance. It is hardly possible for us to realize at present the transformation which the next decade will bring to these virgin plains and forests. Already the first faint footprints of pioneer civilization are heard, and in their scattered tracks will follow the rush which is to people all this domain. Farther away, to the north and to the west, across the boundary line which separates the Republic from the queen's possessions, lie the rich valley's of the Saskatchewan, the Athabasca, the Peace and the Mackenzie rivers, basking in the sunshine of a genial clime, so far in the direction of a frigid zone that uninformed public opinion had always pictured them clad in almost perpetual ice and snow. The progressive mind is now beginning to realize that this British northwest country is not

only arable and inhabitable, but that it possesses the same qualities of soil and climate which exist within the boundaries of our own Dakota, fifteen degrees southward, and that it is in every way adapted to the culture of wheat and the growth of countless herds of cattle. The earlier occupants of Dakota and Montana noted the fact the buffalo went northward to spend the winter and when scientific research followed up this circumstance it was found that the Japan current sent its warm breezes across the mountain range and modified the temperature of all the region watered by these great streams. With a climate thus favorable the "Northwest territory" is fitted for the same agricultural and pastoral pursuits which are yet to render famous the territories of Dakota and Montana. The country thus outlined is to become the theatre of the gigantic railroad operations of the near future, and when it shall have become occupied and its resources developed, the traffic of more than one nation will find a centre upon the plains of the once "Great American Desert."

Visit of Bishop Peck.

Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th of this month, will be the occasion of the fourth quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bismarck, at which time Rev. Jessie T. Peck, one of the bishops of the church, in company with Elder J. B. Starkley, will be in the city to spend a few days looking after the interests and needs of that church in Bismarck, and will preach in the City Hall at the usual times for service, on Sunday, the 17th inst. Bishop Peck is an able and eloquent speaker. Let all remember the announcement and go and hear him.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

BENTON LINE.

Jen'l Office, 193 S Water-st. Chicago.
T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager.
JOS. MCGARRY, Sup't.
J. C. BARR, General Agent.

BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.

One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

STEAMER

BUTTE

A. M. JOHNSON, Master
JAMES KEENAN, Clerk

**East. Light Draft, and Built Express-
ly for Fall Trade, Leaves Bis-
marck on Arrival of Train, Aug.**

16th, going THROUGH to
FORT BENTON.

For freight or passage apply
on board or to
J. C. BARR,
Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON, D. W. MARATTA,
Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Supt.
Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and
all points on the Yellowstone. The only
line carrying the U. S. Government
Freights.

Comprising the following first class steamers,
built expressly for the Missouri river and
in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA, Buesen, Master.
ROSE BUD, Todd, "
BIG HORN, Gould, "
DACOTAH, Todd, "
KEY WEST, Maratta, "
JOSEPHINE, Anderson, "
FAIR WEST, Coulson, "
WESTERN, Bryan, "
BLACK HILLS, Burleigh, "

Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills.

Leaves on Tuesday Aug. 5th, for Fort Keogh, Steamer

JOSEPHINE.

Leaves Tuesday August 5th, for Fort Benton and all way points. Steamer

KEY WEST.

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.

D. W. MARATTA,
General Superintendent.

YELLOWSTONE LINE.

JOS. LEIGHTON, Gen'l Manager, St. Paul.

The Champion Light Draft Steamer

BATCHELOR,

GRANT MARSH, Master.

Leaves Bismarck Sunday, August 10, for Terry's Landing and intermediate points. This will be the last boat of the season for the Yellowstone. For freight or passage apply on board

Cliff Bros. & Clark,

House, Sign, Carriage and Orna-
mental

PAINTERS.

GRAINING, MARBLING

AND

WALL DECORATING.

Mixed Paints always on hand.

Shop on 6th Street near Main.

LOUNSBERRY & BENTLEY,

DEALERS IN

Real Estate

Tribune Block,

BISMARCK, D. T.

AGENTS FOR

The sale of city lots, cultivated farms and wild lands North Pacific Preferred Stock, Sioux Scrip, Soldiers Additional Homesteads, etc., located or supplied; personal examinations of lands made. Will file Soldiers' Declaritories, pay taxes, furnish abstracts, place loans, etc. The best of Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota references given upon application.

NOTICE THE FOLLOWING:

FOR SALE. An improved farm of 160 acres with 60 acres broken; good house and stable, one mile from the Sheridan House. **Price \$1,750.**

FOR SALE. An improved farm of 120 acres, with eleven acres fenced; log house and stable; about two miles from Bismarck. **Price \$1,200.**

FOR SALE. An improved farm of 160 acres, about two miles from Bismarck; twenty acres broken; log buildings. **Price, \$1,600.**

FOR SALE. Sections 27 and 35, township 139, range 79; about six miles from Bismarck; all unimproved, but beautiful land. **Price, \$5 per acre.**

FOR SALE. 320 acres of excellent land, 134 miles from Bismarck. Terms, \$100 cash and balance at interest on time to be paid. **Price, \$10 per acre.**

FOR SALE. Six acres close to the city, with valuable quarry of Sandstone. **Price, \$25 per acre.**

FOR SALE—A good new house of 1600 feet and woodshed, with twelve lots all the whole enclosed with a good fence; two excellent stables for fourteen head of stock; barn with two lofts, and a good well of water. The property is assured for three years. Price \$1,500; \$1,000 cash, balance on one year's time.

FOR SALE OR RENT. A new 1½ story frame house with excellent cellar, good well of water. Stabiling for 18 head of stock, and two lots fenced in with good fence. Three blocks from depot. Price \$1,200 if sold soon; if not sold it will be rented at \$20 per month. 38

FOR SALE OR RENT. A comfortable new house and one lot in the central part of the city. **Price, \$400.**

FOR SALE. Lots 17 and 18 in block 75, city proper. Will be sold cheap if taken soon.

SOLDIERS' additional homestead scrip on hand at \$2.25 per acre. This scrip has all been approved by the Land Commissioner at Washington, and is the best kind of land scrip in the market, as title can be had at once with improvement.

**ARTHUR W. DRIGGS,
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE
PAINTING,**
West Main Street.
Particular Attention paid to
FINE CARRIAGE PAINTING.

Rates Low.

INSURANCE! LIFE & FIRE!

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
REPRESENTED BY
GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.

March 14 '78

Bismarck, D. T.

Always on hand.

25

Buy your water from the

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Special Announcement next week.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

MCLEAN & MACNIDER, WHOLESALE

GROCERS.

Sole Agents for Schlitz's Export Beer and Peasley's Ale and Porter.

Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

HANDBY COLUMN.

P. O. CHILSTROM, FRANK J. EAD.
CHILSTROM & MEADE—Attorneys at Law,
Mandan, D. T.

Northwestern Hotel,

MANDAN, D. T.,

P. H. BYRNE, PROPRIETOR.

First-Class Accommodations.

This House sets the best table of any hotel in Mandan, and its sleeping apartments are also superior.

Don't Forget the House.

10ft

W. C. DAVIE'S

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Mandan, D. T.

An Elegant Assortment of

<h3

THE MAZARIN BIBLE.

History of John Gutenberg's First Printed Book.

Mr. James Coulter Layard, in a letter concerning the Mazarin Bible, in the Lenox Library, recently described in our columns, says.

John Gensfleisch of Gutenberg, as he is commonly called, was a native of the city of Mentz, in Germany, where he was born in the year 1397. Although he is represented as having come of a wealthy family, it does not appear that he was himself a man of wealth; for he seemed to have labored all his life under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and to have had frequent suits at law. He resided for a while at Strasburg, but returned about 1444 or 1445 to Menz. He was still struggling with the mighty idea which his brain had conceived, but he was without the pecuniary resources necessary to develop it. At length, in 1450, he found in one John Fust, a wealthy goldsmith of Menz, a man who was willing to furnish the capital necessary for the enterprise for a share in its profits. A contract was made, in pursuance of which Fust lent Gutenberg 800 guilders in gold at six per cent. interest. This was for the purchase of materials. Fust was also to make a further payment of 300 guilders annually for working capital. The profits of the enterprise were to be equally divided between the two. It was further stipulated that in case of dissolution of the partnership, the 800 guilders were to be repaid to Fust, with the interest which had accrued, the materials purchased being held as security for such repayment.

Gutenberg's first movable types were made of wood, the wood of the pear tree. Each type had a hole bored through it, by means of which, when composing, they could be strung on a wire. They were afterwards transferred to an iron frame or chase, where they were made fast for printing, as is done at the present day. The first printing done by Gutenberg is supposed to have been that of alphabet cards, extracts from the Latin Grammar, and perhaps some other school-books. Some of these, no doubt, were printed from wooden blocks. No important work had as yet been undertaken, but the fact that Fust in 1452 advanced to Gutenberg an additional sum of 800 guilders would seem to indicate that the enterprise had now reached a point where success was no longer doubtful. With two years of practice and experience, and a doubled capital, a more important undertaking was now resolved upon. This was no less than the printing of the Scriptures in the Latin vulgate. After three years of labor this was completed in 1455. This Bible consisted of 641 leaves, bound in two volumes folio. It is in double columns of 42 lines each, with the exception of the first nine pages, which have 40 lines each, and the tenth, which had 41 lines to the column. Part of the edition was printed on paper and part on parchment or vellum, all brilliantly illuminated! Those on paper were the first printed.

Just about this time Fust brought suit against Gutenberg for the repayment of the 1,600 guilders he had lent him, with compound interest from the date of the loan. Gutenberg could not pay him, and Fust demanded the delivery of the materials and stock in hand, the assets of the business which had been pledged for the debt. Gutenberg had nothing to do but to comply, and he saw his invention upon which he had labored so long without recompense, now pass out of his hands just at the moment when it promised to bring him a rich reward. Fust now came into possession of the press, types and stock on hand, and found himself the sole owner and proprietor of the only printing office in the world, and also the greater part of the edition of Bibles just printed.

When the city of Menz was besieged and afterwards plundered, in 1462, by the Elector Adolph of Nassau, Fust escaped to Paris with the remainder of this edition of Bibles, and tried to make sale of them there. He sold a number among the courtiers of Louis XI for 600 crowns each, the same price asked by the scribes; but the uniformity of the printed pages and the great beauty of their embellishments made them in all cases to be preferred to the manuscript Bibles. After having supplied as many of his wealthy patrons as would buy of him at this price, and having many Bibles still remaining, he lowered his price to 60 crowns, to put them within the reach of those unable to pay more. But when at last he reduced the price to 30 crowns, and produced his Bibles according to the demand all Paris was agitated. Information was now laid against him as a sorcerer. His lodgings were searched, a great number of Bibles were found and seized, the red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood, and from their cheapness and the exact correspondence of their pages, the doctors of Paris judged him to be in league with the evil one. This, together with some confusions of his name with that of noted necromancer previously living in Paris, gave rise to the legend of "The Devil and Dr. Faustus." Faust was cast into prison, and would probably have been put to death had not the king interceded in his behalf, and released him on condition that he would divulge his secret.

In the sixteenth century these Bibles had disappeared from the market. They had become not only obsolete, but they had been forgotten. About the middle of the seventeenth century Gabriel Naudé, librarian to Cardinal Mazarin, discovered one of these Bibles among some of the reckless purchases he had made. Franklin says that Naudé bought books by wholesale. After an examination of a bookseller's shelves, he would order—feet of theology, feet of lay—feet of medicine, etc., with apparently little regard to the quality of the books. "When he left the shop," wrote Franklin,

it looked as if it had been visited not by a book-buyer, but by a hurricane. His knowledge of books enabled him to identify this as the veritable work of Gutenberg. He published a description of it which attracted attention. Most of readers were of the opinion that this was the only copy that had been preserved, and it thus received the name of the Mazarin Bible.

From that time the price of the book has steadily advanced. The subsequent discovery of a few other copies, so far from diminishing, has really added to the value of each. Sections, leaves and fragments have been sold at prices that seem preposterous. What is singular, too, the copies on paper sell for nearly as much as those upon vellum. Usually a vellum copy of any work brings four or five times as much as the paper one; but from the fact already stated, that the copies on paper were those first printed, they are regarded as more completely original than those printed immediately afterwards on vellum.

No less than fifteen copies of this Bible, six on parchment or vellum and nine on paper, are still extant. Of the former one copy is in Leipsic, in Germany; one in the Royal library at Berlin, and one was sold for £3,400 at the sale of the Stevens library, in London, in 1873, and we presume still remains in England. Of those on paper, the cities of Frankfort, Leipsic, Munich, Vienna and Paris each has one. One copy was sold at the Stevens sale in London, already alluded to, and brought £2,690; and three are in this country. One of these, belonging to the collection of the late Mr. Geo. Brinley, was exhibited by Dr. Trumbull at the meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, in Hartford, in 1875; one is in the Lenox library, at a cost of \$2,650; and one is the property of Mr. David Wolfe Bruce of New York City, for which that gentleman paid \$21,000 at the sale of the Perkins collection; the highest price ever paid for a book, either written or printed. This leaves three copies on vellum unaccounted for, but this is as far as our information extends.

In the Emir of Bokhara's Land.

A New York *Herald* correspondent tells how he was received by the Emir of Bokhara, Asia, in the capital of the same name. The writer says: I might write

till to-morrow were I to repeat half the stories I heard of the man in whose presence I stood; but the reader has, now made his acquaintance. He is forty-eight

years old, and looks sixty. His eyes dazzle yours with their brilliancy. He

strikes you as one with whom it would scarcely do to joke withal. He offered me his hand, made me sit, made my Russian interpreter sit, too; but left the Oriental interpreter to stand. The latter was my cook. There were only three seats in the place. Then the conversation began. The Emir asked about my health and details of the voyage. That was all he condescended to say. I told him I was journeying to Cabul, and prayed him to grant me all facilities. He nodded and dismissed me, bidding me inspect his garden. As I rose to go my opera hat sprung up, like a jack in a box. The Emir was stupefied. My interpreter's hat followed suit. Bigger and bigger grew the Emir's eyes. However, we mounted our horses and started for the garden, half a mile from the palace. The prime minister offered us the eternal pilau, giving us the cue to eat it with our fingers, and regarding us with a fascinating smile. Our dishes were as useful as ever. Then came the presents—a sorry old nag and tea dressing gowns. Thence home. Everybody wanted to know what the Emir had given me. I discovered that the Emir himself sends certain honest merchants to buy everything back as cheaply as possible. I was only too glad to get rid of my load. I had more than twenty dressing gowns.

At night the Emir sent us his acrobats into their gambols I will initiate the reader. The company consists of three musicians and two nondescripts, who dance and sing with beating of tambourines. The hall is covered with carpets and lighted by candles, with a real Viennese sofa in the corner destined for me. The three musicians knead—one behind the other—and raise their tambourines above their heads hiding their faces. From their throats issue sounds which resemble no conceivable kind of music. Rises a dancer. These dancers, by the way, are lads of years varying from ten to sixteen. The center of their heads is shaved. On either side hangs a love-lock, covering their neck. They make a gesture which they fancy is graceful; another which consists in an examination of their finger nails. They are called *Batchas*. Russian authorities tried to suppress them, but Eastern habits were too strong, when the *Batcha* matures, when his childish awkwardness, called gracefulness is gone, when his attractions have faded, the *Batcha* turns clown. The clown follows the *Batcha* with absurd grimaces, which are marks of grotesque admiration, and tries with a torch to set fire to his girdle if he succeeds, the audience shouts its applause; if he fails, the clown quivers from head to foot and is very much discomfited. When the *Batcha* rises to dance he stands before the tambourinists, turning his back to them and facing the principal personage of the audience. This, I hardly need say, is myself, for the rest are crouching round the wall. The *Batcha* raises his arm, forearm vertical, hands in the air. His hands like twists continually, now showing, now hiding the palms; then lets his sleeves drop and bares the arms. His feet are naked, and he wears the wide trousers of Oriental womanhood, drawn tight at the waist. His neck swells with the vigor of his shouting—I decline to call it singing. The tambourines continue their din, the dancer whirls frantically on his toe, and then suddenly the noise stops and all is

calm. This lasts for an hour and a half. The cries and the hubbub, added to the fumes of a stove burning in the center, make you simply lose your senses, and when the *Batcha* has dressed himself like a woman and has ogled you, you rush from this babel of fife and tambourines, and would scarcely believe next day that such a scene were possible if a violent headache did not help to convince you.

My servants had it all over again in the morning, and the Emir was told that I had enjoyed myself prodigiously. My next proceeding was to ramble through the town on horseback. The bazaar is virtually the whole city. The rest is a coil of narrow and crooked streets, with mud walls and little doors pierced in them here and there. There are reservoirs of water, too, but water in Bokhara, and the streets are only sprinkled once a week. The activity of the bazaar gives evidence of a lively trade. Jewelers are seated on carpets, each in his little niche, for the shops are niches—two yards wide, one yard and a half in depth. They show me rings, turquoises, emeralds, rubies in framework of silver. Fur-clad merchants offer you skin of lambs taken from them when born. Then there are carpets manufactured by the turcomans, those nomad highwaymen, whom I found Colonel Avinoff sweeping from the road to Khiva with a single battalion, and of whom the Emir's 24,000 soldiers were powerless to rid the country.

Some years ago, whenever a stranger visited Bokhara, the Emir would send him to the bazaar and invite him to choose a costly object. If the stranger offered to pay the Emir's officers objected and said that his master would settle with the merchant. The Emir used to cut off the merchant's head. So as soon as a stranger came near the bazaar, the dealers would scuttle away and the shops be closed. They now have changed all that. A foreigner draws the crowd instead of repelling it. Moreover the Emir sent us an expert, who set the true prices on everything we examined. The dealers seem to be perfectly content with this arrangement. So we left the bazaar and repaired to the fortress, where we were received by a functionary whose sole function is to fire a cannon at noon. He offered us pilan and a little music. Having discussed both I make preparations for a visit of farewell to the Emir, fortifying myself for more pilan, more presents, more horses, more dressing gowns.

National Flags.

Egypt is supposed to have derived its name from the word *copos*, a principal town, and *gupta*, guarded or fortified. The inhabitants of Egypt were early engaged in war, and were the originators of standards or battle-flags. Standards are now used by all civilized and non-civilized nations, and by many tribes of savages. The standards of different nations are generally selected with a view to commemorate some principal event in connection with their history or achievements; but in some instances there is considerable mystery connected with the banners carried on various great occasions and in process of time they have lost all the significance they may have once possessed. The flag carried by the followers of Mohammed was green. In Turkey, at the present day, when the Sultan appears in public he is preceded by an officer called an aleendar, who bears the standard of the prophet. The crusaders, who fought for the possession of the Holy Land, were led forward under the banner of the cross.

After the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity, there was borne before him a standard, known as the *labarum*. It was a long pike with a traverse beam to which was attached a long silken veil, wrought with the pictures of the monarch and his children, and on the top was a crown of gold inclosing a mysterious monogram representing the cross, with the initial letters of the name of Christ.

The flag of Ireland is of green, with the picture of a golden harp. The standard of Great Britain is formed by the union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. It is called the great Union flag of the Empire of Great Britain.

The national standard of Turkey is a flag bearing the figure of the new moon, and in the wars between the Christians and Moslem the Crescent and the Cross were the respective banners under which they fought. The French national flag has varied greatly under different rulers, but is now a tri-color of blue, white and red. It was adopted by the nation at the first revolution.

Ben Butler's Cow.

Ben Butler was called by a person who wanted to talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said he, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower bed. The gate was of the height required by law, and was closed. Now I wish to know whether I can obtain damages?"

"Most assuredly," replied the widow's friend.

"Well, Mr. Butler, how much?"

"Oh, about ten dollars."

"But, Mr. Butler," triumphantly, "the cow was yours."

"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully; and he looked unutterable things out of his bad eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account, and read as follows:

"B. F. Butler, to Mr.—, Dr. To damages caused by cow, \$10. Cr., by legal advice, \$15. Balance due me, \$5.

"M.—," said Mr. Butler, softly, "you needn't hurry about the payment."

Cut worms and chintz bugs are reported in great numbers, in Otoe county, Neb.

REST.

'There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God' to man the earth, all fair and glowing. Rich with sweet flowers and fruits, and lofty trees, And grassy vales, their pleasant shades besowing. And thymy downs to greet the summer breeze. God gave to man the sky all-star-bespangled. His diamond footprints on the purple height Changes in beauty, through their maze entangled.

To quell the way-worn wanderer aright. God gave to man his nature's noble presence, His stately form and heaven-directed soul. His comprehensive mind and deathless essence, And bide all things, acknowledge his control.

God gave to man his homes unbought affection. Where eyes of love, his answering glance may meet, Blest in fruition of his heart's selection. Gladly he homeward turns his weary feet.

God upon man all kindly gifts hath lavished, Save one, the dearly sought for and the best. With fairest sights and sounds each sense hath ravished,

Yet here in vain may man demand for rest. He finds it not in shady glades reposing, He finds it not the starry heavens among; Nor even when, his home around him closing, He lists at sunset to his children's song. God keeps back not alone, that the world weary,

Even though his cup high mantles to the brim.

Or though his fate be desolate and dreary,

May seek and find repose alone in Him!

Deacon Grinder's Experiment.

'I hope the children haven't been any trouble to you, Miss Peck?' said Deacon Grinder, as his one horse chare drew up on the green in front of Miss Philena Peck's house.

Miss Peck turned out, all smiles, to greet the portly widower.

'The little darlings?' cried she effusively. 'Trouble indeed! Why, deacon, how you talk! It's a positive pleasure to have 'em here. I should like to keep them a week.'

The deacon snuffed and shook his head. 'That would be a little too much,' said he. 'Come children, jump into the wagon.'

And the three apple-cheeked little Gunders—two girls and a boy—were kissed, and hugged, and lifted into the wagon by the beaming spinster.

'I shall be so lonely when they are gone,' she said. 'I do so detest on children! Remembering that the gooseberries will be ripe next week, and that your own Peck will be only too happy to see you again.'

The slow Clapp came hurrying out, his chair rattled by, with a tin pail in his hand.

'Dear int, Deacon Grinder,' said she. 'You ne'er always in such a hurry. Do stop a minute, can't you? Here's a pail of our new honey in the comb. I know the darlings will like it on their bread and butter of an evening. When are they coming to spend the day with me? I declare Josie is growing a perfect beauty!'

'Tut, tut, Mrs. Clapp!' said the deacon, his face beaming all over with satisfaction. 'Handsome is that handsome does. That is my motto.'

And nobody can't do handsomer than my little Joe,' said Mrs. Clapp. 'And there's Tommy grown as handsome as never was, and Dolly the very picture of you, drop in to tea some evening this week.'

The deacon had hardly guided his old horse around the corner of the village green when Miss Barbara Bowyer tripped out of the millinery store.

'I do hope you'll excuse me, Deacon Grinder,' said she, with all the pretty confusion which naturally belongs to a maiden of six and thirty summers, 'but I was so edified with your be-yu-tiful remarks in prayer meeting, Monday night, that I couldn't help setting myself to work to think what I could do for you. And here's a collar I've stitched for dear Tommy, and a handkerchief I've embroidered for Josie, and a doll as I've took the liberty to dress for Dorothy. Oh, don't thank me, pray. It ain't nothin', compared with the peace of mind I got listening to your precious remarks!'

But Naomi Poole, sitting at her needle-work, by the old red farm house window, had only a smile and a nod for the party as they drove by.

'Pa,' said Josie, who was a shrewd, sallow-faced child of eleven, 'don't Miss Poole love us as well as Miss Peck, and Mrs. Clapp, and Miss Barbara Bowyer?'

'I hope so, my child,' said the benign deacon. 'Why do you ask the question? Because she never gives us anything,' said Josie.

'She is poor, child—she is poor,' said the deacon. 'But I am sure you all have her good wishes.'

'I'd rather have honey,' said Tommy.

'And gooseberries and dolls,' added little Dorothy.

But when the deacon sat alone by his hearth-stone that evening, his sister, Miss Mahala Ann Grinder, expressed herself on the subject with great plainness and persistency.

'If you're really made up your mind to marry again, Joshua,' said she.

'I think it would add to my domestic felicity,' said the deacon, serenly.

'In that case,' said Mahala Ann, 'I do hope you'll make a sensible choice, and not allow yourself to be imposed upon by a pack of selfish widows and scheming old maids.'

'Sister,' said the deacon mildly, 'you are severe.'

'No, I ain't,' said Miss Mahala Ann. 'If you wasn't well to do in the world, and hadn't a nice home and a farm, and money at interest, they wouldn't none of 'em look twice at you.'

'Do you think so?' said the deacon, and he pondered the question long and earnestly in his own mind. Upon the whole,' said he, bringing down his palm

upon the table, 'I ain't sorry that those investments of mine in the Mariposa Silver Company have proved a failure.'

'What do you mean?' said Miss Mahala Ann, curiously eyeing him over the top of her spectacles.

But the deacon only shook his head and smiled.

'Time will show,' said he, 'time will show.'

The news that Deacon Grinder was dead in Mariposa Silver Mining stock flew like wildfire through the peaceful community at Fitchville Four Corners.

'Well,' said Miss Philena Peck, 'I am beat!'

'He never had no judgement in money matters,' said the widow Clapp.

'I've thought all a long that he was living too fast,' said Barbara Bowyer.

'Those poor little children, what is to become of them?' said Naomi Poole, wistfully.

The next day the deacon made his appearance at Miss Peck's homestead, pale and rather shabby, with a child in each hand, and one following him.

'Miss Peck,' said he, 'I suppose you have heard the news?'

'Yes,' said Miss Peck, looking vinegar and tack nails. 'It's your failure as you mean.'

'I think of going to California,' said the deacon, 'to see what I can do, and if, in the meantime, you could be induced to give my children a home—'

'Oh, dear, no!' said Miss Peck. 'I never could get along with a pack of children! I dare say you could find some half orphan asylum or place of that sort, by inquiring a little.'

Miss Peck sat so very upright, and glared so frightfully out of light blue eyes at the deacon, that he was faint to be at a retreat as soon as possible.

He knocked next at the widow Clapp's door. A slipshod servant-maid opened it.

'Is Mrs. Clapp at home?' he asked.

A head was thrust over the stair railing and the widow's shrill voice cried out:

'Is that Josiah Grinder, with his swarm o' young ones? Tell him I am particular engaged. Do you hear, Betsy—particular.'

Miss Barbara Bowyer was arranging trimmed hats and rolls of bright colored ribbons in her bow window as the deacon and his little ones entered the shop.

'Miss Bowyer,' said the deacon, 'you were ever a genial and charitable soul. It is to you that I trust to make a home for my motherless little ones, while I endeavor to retrieve my fortunes in the far West.'

'I couldn't think of such a thing,' said Miss Barbara, dropping a box of artificial flowers in her consternation. 'And I really think, Deacon Grinder, you haven't any business to expect it of me! It's all I can do to support myself, let alone a pack of unruly children! I dare say the poor master could do something for them, or—'

'I thank you,' said the deacon, with dignity. 'I shall trouble neither you nor him.'

'Well,' said Miss Bowyer with a toss of her head, 'you needn't fly into a rage because a neighbor offers you a bit of good advice!'

But Naomi Poole ran out to the little garden gate, as the forlorn deacon went by.

'Deacon Grinder,' hesitated she, turning rose-red and white by turns, 'is this true?'

'About my Mariposa investment? Yes.'

'And that you are going to California?'

'I am talking of it,' said the deacon.

'Would—could you let me take care of the little ones while you are gone?' said Naomi, tenderly drawing little Dolly to her side. 'I am very fond of children, and I would take the best care of them. And you have been so kind to mother and me, Deacon Grinder, that we should feel it a privilege to be able to do something for you.'

And poor soft-hearted little Naomi burst into crying.

There was a moisture on the deacon's eyelashes, too.

'God bless you, Naomi!' said he, 'You are a good girl—a very good girl.'

'Ain't it true?' said Philena Peck.

'Well,' said Mrs. Mopsley, 'it is, and ain't. He did lose what he invested in them Mariposa mines, but it was only a thousand dollars; and the rest of his money's all tight and safe in United States bonds and solid real estate.'

'Bless me!' said Barbara Bowyer.

'Well, I never!' said the widow Clapp, with discomfited countenance.

'And,' went on Mrs. Mopsley with evident relish in the consternation she was causing, 'they are building a new wing to the house, and he is to be married to Naomi Poole in the fall.'

'A child like that!' said Mrs. Clapp.

'With no experience whatever!' said Barbara Bowyer, scornfully.

'I only hope he won't repent of his bargain,' sighed Miss Philena Peck.

And Miss Philena's charitable hopes were fulfilled. The deacon never did repeat of his bargain.

The requirements of the dress for surfing give little chance for a change of a style, from season to season.

Conventionally, the costume consists of a pair of trowsers and a blouse belted in at the waist. The material needed is something of a wiry, elastic order, with considerable weight, but not very thick, so that it will suffer the water to drain through easily and yet not cling closely to the figure. The material thus far in greatest demand is a stout, rough, woolen serge; mohair serge is also used.

It is estimated that under the new census Pennsylvania will have a population of 4,260,000.

How to Deal with Hard Times.

Young men complain that the opportunities for one just starting in life, with his own fortune to make, are not what they were a few years ago. And his complaint is well founded. There was a time when it seemed as if money grew on every bush. This is not the case now by any means. Indeed, it has become rather difficult to find the bushes on which the money grows.

The depression in business has lasted a good while. As to the length of time it will still continue men of intelligence differ widely in opinion. Some improvement has already taken place. Still, times are far from being flush as they used to be, and the uncertainty of the future is too great for young men to sit down in idleness, fold their hands, and wait and wait on for a turn in the wheel of fortune which may be far distant, or may never take place.

What, then, should they do? They should make up their minds boldly to face the hard times, and should promptly commence active life with a courage equal to the emergency. They must redouble their industry, be more self-denying and rigid in their economy, more diligent in their calling, in every way, to give satisfaction and attain promotion.

All their privations, all their hardships, endure but for a season: for the requisite effort, though greater now than it used to be, will in time secure its reward.

Again, it should be borne in mind that though the times are less propitious now than they used to be for the rapid accumulation of a fortune, they are not less favorable to the formation of a high and heroic character; and character always stands far above fortune.

VEGETINE FOR DROPSY.

I never shall Forget the first Dose. **VEGETINE** PROVIDENCE

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of that time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two men help me in and out of bed. I was swollen 19 inches larger than my natural size around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die; many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the first dose. I could realize its good effects from day to day; I was getting better. After I had taken some 5 or 6 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. It began to rain now quite fit. After taking some 10 bottles, I could walk from one part of my room to the other. My appetite was good; the dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I regained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say it has cured an aunt of my wife's of Neuralgia, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has not had any Neuralgia for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Canker Humor. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years-old, and he says there is nothing like it to give strength and life to an aged person. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am.

Very gratefully yours,

JOHN NOTTAGE.

All Diseases of the Blood. If Vegetine will relieve pain; cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians, many remedies and suffering for years, is it not conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? It is the medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood; in the circulating fluid. It can truly be called the Great Blood Purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it to purify and renovate, has any just claim on public attention.

VEGETINE I OWE MY HEALTH TO YOUR VALUABLE VEGETINE

NEWPORT, KY., APR., 29, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—Having suffered from a breaking out of *Cankerous Sores* for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore, and having used every thing that I could think of and nothing helped me, until I had taken six bottles of your valuable medicine which Mr. Miller the apothecary recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say is that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine.

Your most obedient servant,

ALBERT VON ROEDER.

It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the VEGETINE should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. Almost innumerable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of the VEGETINE. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease rapidly yields; all pains cease; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured.

VEGETINE

Cured me when the

Doctors Failed.

CINCINNATI, O., April 10, 1877.

DR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—was seriously troubled with *Kidney Complaint* for a long time. I have consulted the best doctors in the city. I have used your VEGETINE for this disease, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so.

Yours truly,

ALBERT VON ROEDER.

ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Race St., Place of business, 573 Cent. Ave.

VEGETINE

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

Fifty years ago the tomato was scarcely known in North America or Europe; now it is a great article of commerce in both hemispheres. Then it was called 'love apple,'—why, we do not know. It was small and bitter, with large seeds, and only half filled with a watery pulp.

To relish them, even when half disguised by the culinary art, was said to be an 'acquired taste.' No one, at first, eat them raw. Now they are large and compact, the seeds have diminished in size and quantity, while in color and substance they are like red roses, consolidated, and no longer require cooking to be made palatable. In fact, cooking spoils them, as it spoils a peach, a cucumber or an orange; and it is even a profanation to 'dress'